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Owen J. Williams.

ington, Matthew

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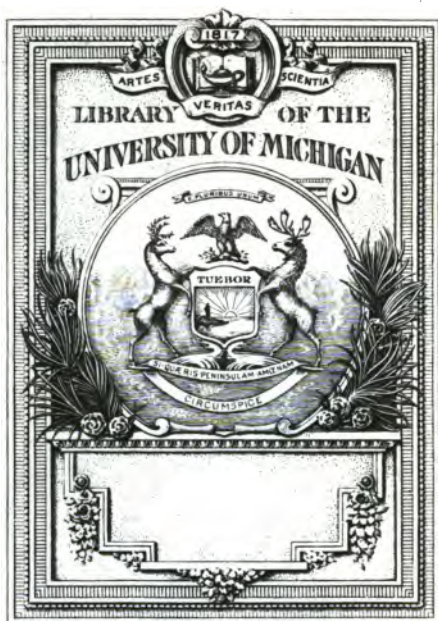


Part 16

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Pilkington, Matthew

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

——— *Ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo chartis.*

Hor.

——— *Parvus
Carmina fingo.*

Hor.

Φθόρον οὐκ εἶδ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ
Φθονον κ' δαδία δ' ἔκταν.
Φιλολοιδόρεσίη γλῶττι καὶ
Φεύγω βίλεμνα κῆρα.

ANAC. Ode 42.

D U B L I N :

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-street*, opposite
to the *Bridge*, MDCCXXX.



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To the Right Honourable

R O B E R T

Earl of KILDARE,

*Baron of OPHELIA, and one of
His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council.*

My LORD,

AUTHORS, tho' they risk
their Reputation by com-
mitting themselves to the
Censures of the Public, are yet suf-
ficiently repaid, by that Indulgence
allow'd them of addressing the most
eminent *Men* of their Times, those,
whose Wisdom and Virtue render
them as conspicuous as their Nobility.

I must own, the principal Advan-
tage I propos'd from the Publicati-
on of the following Poems, was the
Opportunity it gave Me of testify-
ing to the World, the Veneration I
have

II DEDICATION.

have for your Lordship's *Virtue* ; or to speak more properly, those many and uncommon *Virtues*, which constitute the most amiable Character among the Nobility of this, or perhaps any other Nation.

This Character naturally calls for a Panegyric, and, if my Lord *Kildare's* Modesty were not eminent over all his other *Virtues*, would certainly extort it.

I am sensible, that this Declaration may well be thought to have much of the common Air and Spirit of Dedications. My Lord, I own it : Nor does it pretend to any other Distinction, than the Sincerity and Evidence of Truth.

Flattery is the common Objection to all Dedications, and yet to avoid this Imputation, it is hard to be depriv'd of the generous Pleasure of
praising

DEDICATION. iii

praising Virtues, which, as they are not always the Attendants of *Titles*, ought rather to be publish'd for Incitements to others ; for what can be more useful to the World, than to behold true Nobility more anxious to deserve Dignities, than to inherit them?

That this, my Lord, is your Maxim, your Actions sufficiently demonstrate to the World.

Your Life convinces us, that to be sincerely Religious, to be a tender Husband, Father, and Friend; a perpetual Blessing to the Distress'd, and a Lover of one's *Country*, are Perfections, which can add new Honour to the most Antient, and Hereditary Nobility.

Your sincere Love to your *Country* has been sufficiently shown, (to omit all other Instances) in your constant
Resi-

iv DEDICATION.

Residence among us, when the greatest Part of our *Men of Titles* were deluded into different Kingdoms, to purchase *Vanity*, at the Expence of their own Interest, and the Happiness of their *Country*.

My Lord, I sincerely wish that this Collection, which I most humbly offer up to your Patronage, had much more Merit to deserve it; but, such as it is, I hope it may be allow'd to avail so far, as to publish the unfeigned Regard of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

Matthew Pilkington.

P R E-

P R E F A C E.

I Am now committing my self to the Judgement of the Public, uncertain what the Fate of these Trifles will be, which I entirely submit to their Censure; and with as little Sollicitude, as a Parent sends his fav'rite Son to the Field of Battle, where it is expected he must encounter many Enemies, and many of those Enemies not half so fair as they seem'd to be, but uncertain whether he is absolutely to Perish, or to return loaded with Infamy or Laurels.

It wou'd be the highest Ingratitude in me to neglect this Opportunity of Publishing my Acknowledgements to those generous Persons, who have honour'd and encourag'd me with their Subscriptions; and, in Return, I must assure them, that I have been as careful as possible, in engaging my judicious Acquaintance to point out to me those Faults, which an Author is very ill qualify'd to distinguish in his own Performances; and, that I have not spared any Industry to know my Defects, nor any Labour to amend them.

In-

P R E F A C E

Inexpressible are the Obligations, (and unpardonable were the Folly and Humility of concealing them) which I have to the admired Doctor Swift, who condescended to peruse the following Poems with the Greatest Kindness and Care, and honour'd them with his Corrections and Remarks; and I hope he will forgive me the Vanity of telling the World how much Candour, Humanity, and Accuracy of Judgment he testify'd on that Occasion.

To conclude, I shall think my self extremely happy, if my generous Encouragers have but little Reason to repent of their Kindness to me; and have no more to add but this one Declaration, that if this Miscellany (which in the common Cant of an Author, I must call the Product of a few leisure Hours,) shall happen to be disapprov'd and condemn'd by the Judicious; I hope, I shall be discreet enough to give my self little Trouble about it; being convinc'd, after the Modesty of better Examples, that if Bad, all Endeavours to Support it will be ineffectual; and that any Vindication of it, will at all Events, be either entirely useless, or unnecessary.

Dublin, Aug.

25, 1730.

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TO



To the Reverend

Mr. *Matthew Pilkington*,
on the *Progress of Musick*, and his
other POEMS.

BEHOLD, the Father of Poetic Fire,
Once more awakes the consecrated Lyre,
Commands his Son to touch the solemn Chords,
And temper Wit with Art, and Sound with
Words;

To tune *Ierne's* antient Harp, and raise
Ausonian Music in *Britannic* Lays;
To melt the tender Fair, to rouse the Brave,
To glad the Gay, and entertain the Grave.

Victorious *Rome*, her tow'ring Eagles bore
Over *Britannia* to th' *Atlantic* Shore;
Her deathless Warriors in pursuit of Fame,
Fir'd with the Glory of the *Latian* Name,
Far as they shook their Spears, or wing'd their Darts,
What they destroy'd by Arms, repair'd by Arts:

††

Ier. 16

Ierne then unciviliz'd and rude
 Remain'd——*Ierne* was not then subdu'd;
 But now by *Britain*, and by Time encreas'd,
 Her Manners brighten where her Triumphs ceas'd;
 The God of *Numbers*, and the God of *Light*
 Rescues our Poets from the Shades of Night,
 Thro' *Northern* Climes his Glance divine displays,
 Ripens our Judgment, and sublimes our Lays.

As in a finish'd Picture, something new
 Is still presented to the second View,
 Some Master-strokes of Art, which daily raise
 Fresh Funds of Wonder, and Reserves of Praise,
 So in thy Poems exquisitely wrought,
 With all the Charms of Art, and Strength of Thought,
 New Beauties still the ravish'd Fancy strike,
 And still the more we read, the more we like.
 Such are the various Beauties of thy Song,
 Soft as *Anacreon*, and as *Pindar* strong:
 Whether in lofty Notes you touch the Strings,
 The Hill re-echoes, and the Valley rings;
 Or tune in gentler Lays the breathing Lyre,
 The Nymphs are ravish'd, and the Swains admire:
Apollo kindles the superior Flame,
 And all the Sisters animate the Theme:

Pluck'd

Pluck'd from the sacred Grove, the Laurel-Bough
 Adorns thy Verse, nor withers on thy Brow ;
 The boasted Glories of the mighty Nine,
 Blest Bard ! are all Epitomiz'd in thine.

Thus from their Parent Orb, for ever bright,
 The streaming Rays of first-created Light,
 Diffusely scatter'd thro' our Hemisphere,
 Descending sicken in the grosser Air ;
 But call'd by Newton's Glass, the various Seeds
 Are still attracted, as the *Focus* feeds ;
 'Till all the Particles collected shine,
 And, blazing, prove their Origin Divine.

But yet, undaunted *Poets*, tho' fond to raise,
 By honourable Means, immortal Praise,
 Yet, yet suspect from thy triumphal Car,
 The Shocks of Envy, and the Critic War ;
 Reflect upon the public Poet's Curse,
 Of wedding Fame for Better or for Worse.
 Be not transported with the sudden Blast
 Of Praise, which flutters now, and now is past,
 In Censure or Applause be still the same,
 Nor sacrifice thy Quiet to thy Fame.

Whoever

Whoever Bard or Patriot will commence,
 Must serve the Public at his own Expence:
 See *Pope* and *Gay*, (nor yet the World asham'd !)
 This unrewarded, and the other blam'd !
 Lo ! sprightly *Prior* in the Dust prophan'd,
 And the chaste *Urn* by Hands polluted stain'd :
 Great *Milton*, whose exalted Muse cou'd rise
 Alone, to speak the Language of the Skies,
 Cou'd scarce receive for all his Book of Fame,
 What the disdainful Muse relents to name :

O ! ever-injur'd Bard ! ungrateful Age !
 How great the Worth of his illumin'd Page !
 May you, like him, enrich your native Isle
 With Thought sublime, and Majesty of Stile,
 In Art and Nature equally compleat,
 Like him excel——but meet a nobler Fate.

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

July 22, 1730.

T H E

THE
PROGRESS
OF
MUSIC
IN
IRELAND,
TO
MIRA.

Μουσὴν δ' ἀεὶ
ἔργῳ διδάσκει, καὶ ἀμύσσει ἢν τὸ πρὶν.

Eurip. Sthenobea.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.



THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
M U S I C K, &c.



Y thee enjoyn'd th' obsequious

Muse obeys,

Yet, trembling, dreads the

Danger she surveys,

But vain are Infant Fears, I plead in vain,

The Task too Noble, too Sublime the Strain,

The

The *Fancy's* wing'd, and springs to bolder Flights,
When *Beauty* bids, and *Harmony* invites;
For each, our Passions pleasingly controuls;
Love's but the purer Harmony of Souls:
Musick and Love the savage World refin'd;
Reform'd the Manners, while they rais'd the
Mind,
Gave Man a Foretaste of the Joys above;
For what is Heav'n but *Harmony* and *Love*?

Hibernia long beheld, with Sorrow fill'd,
Her Poets and her Sons in Arts unskill'd:

Sons!

Sons ! dead to Fame, nor comely to the Sight,
 Their Customs wild, their Manners unpolite ;
 Nor yet cou'd *Musick* boast persuasive Charms,
 To tempt one sprightly Genius to her Arms :
 The *Muse*, in mournful Pomp, laments her Case,
 Pale Grief and Anguish painted in her Face ;
 To lonely Woods retire the tuneful Throng,
 Uncharm'd by Sound, and negligent of Song :
 The silent *Lark* forgets to wake the Dawn
 With early Song, suspended o'er the Lawn,
 On Earth he Pines, and droops his useless Wings
 With dumb Concern, and neither Soars nor Sings.

At

At length a *Swain*, long tortur'd with *Despair*,
 The Scorn of some inexorable Fair,
 Haunted each Grove, each dark Retreat of Grief,
 Bereft of Ease, and hopeless of Relief;
 Nightly he heard sad *Philomel* complain,
 And wish'd to copy so divine a Strain,
 So clear, so soft the plaintive Warbler sung,
 The Groves, and Hills with plaintive *Echoes* rung:
 Her Notes so mournfully melodious flow,
 They calm his Soul, and mitigate his Woe,
 Distressful Passion both alike bewail,
 He sighs his Grief, she chants her piteous Tale.

Fain

Fain would he Sing ; his Voice was still suppress'd
By swelling Sighs, which struggled from his Breast.
Despair, whose Sting can haughtiest Minds
 controul,
Unstrings his Nerves, and quite unmans his Soul,
Breathes a wild Horror into ev'ry Part,
Restrains his Tongue, and preys upon his Heart.

But near the Grove, where comfortless he lies,
The spiky Reeds in waving Clusters rise,
He models one, and his Invention tires,
Varying its Form as Art or Chance inspires :

Then

Then gives it Breath to sing: With gentle Mirth
It strikes the Ear, as conscious of its Birth.

With sharpen'd Steel he lanc'd it's tender Skin,
In order rang'd the op'ning Wounds are seen,
Wounds! less than he receiv'd, with piercing
Smart,

In that soft Instrument of Love, the *Heart* :

To these his active Fingers he applies,

Which bid the changing *Musick* fall, and rise,

While in the Road of *Harmony* they guide

Each infant Sound, and o'er the Notes preside.

. But

But o'er his *Airs* a gloomy Sorrow hung;
 For still he lov'd, and Love distress'd he sung,
 His Heart in ev'ry Accent seem'd to bleed,
 And Grief harmonious trembled from the Reed,

And still the Tenor of *Hibernian* Strains,
 Those pleasing Labours of enamour'd Swains,
 From his a melancholly Turn receive,
 The *Airs* are moving, and the Numbers grieve.

Musick thus wak'd to Life, fair Child of Love,
 Time's rip'ning Touch, and growing Arts improve,

C

While

While to the feeble Voice of slender Reeds,
 The manlier Musick of the *Fife* succeeds.
 Alike in Form, but of a larger Mold,
 More durable its Frame, its Tone more bold ;
 Now lively Numbers, born on willing Gales,
 Flow to the Hills, and echo in the Vales ;
 The rural Throng now chearful croud around,
 And catch, enamour'd, the inspiring Sound,
 They walk and move with correspondent Mien,
 And Dance exulting on the level Green :
 No Secret now the raptur'd Heart conceals,
 The conscious Maid her hidden Flame reveals

In

In glowing Blushes on her Cheeks they rise,
Burst from her Tongue, and kindle in her Eyes.

But secret Pleasures once disclos'd to Sight,
Give Birth to fresh Successions of Delight.
On Objects new the restless Fancy strays,
And wantons in the search of nobler Lays.
Extended Strings at length Experience found,
Start at the Touch, and tremble into Sound;
Of which a Vocal Multitude conspire,
In shining Order plac'd to form the *Lyre*:

And

And thus the Strings, as in a Choir combin'd,
 Have each their parts of Harmony assign'd :
 Some heav'nly Sounds transportingly create,
 Like *Esbo* some the heav'nly Sounds repeat,
 Those plac'd above, rejoyce in sprightly Tones,
 Below the rough, hoarse *Base*, responsive, Groans.

If the judicious Artist bids them Play,
 The dancing Cords in Silver Sounds obey,
 But struck with Hands unskill'd, they spring to
 War,
 Hiss out their Rage, and in harsh Discords jar.

Musick

Musick henceforward more Domestick grew,
 Courts the throng Towns, and from the Plains
 withdrew :

The Vagrant * *Bard* his circling Visits pays,
 And charms the Villages with venal Lays.

The solemn *Harp*, beneath his Shoulder plac'd,
 With both his Arms is earnestly embrac'd,
 Sweetly irregular, now swift, now slow,
 With soft Variety his Numbers flow,

The

* *Carulan*.

The shrill, the deep, the gentle, and the strong,
With pleasing Dissonance adorn his Song;
While thro' the Cords his Hands unwearied
range,

The Musick changing as his Fingers change.

The Croud transported in Attention hung,
Their Breath in Silence sleeps upon the Tongue,
The *Wheels* forget to turn, the Labours cease,
And ev'ry Sound but *Musick* links to Peace.

So when the *Thracian* charm'd the Shades below,
And brought down Raptures to the Realms of
Woe,

Despairing Ghosts from Labour stand releas'd,
Each Wheel, each Instrument of Torture ceas'd;
The *Furies* drop their Whips, afflictive *Pain*
Suspends, with ghastly Smiles, her Iron Reign,
All Groans were still'd, all Sorrow lull'd to Rest,
And ev'ry Care was hush'd in ev'ry Breast.

Joy spreads her Wings o'er all the raptur'd *Isle*;
And bids each Face be bright'ned to a Smile.

Now

Now Nature, pleas'd, her Gifts profusely Pours,
To Paint the chearful Earth with od'rous Flow'rs,
So chang'd a Scene she wonders to survey,
And bids ev'n Things inanimate look Gay.

The *Muses* now from *Albion's Isle* retreat,
And here with kind Indulgence fix their Seat :
Then *Viner* rose, with all their warmth inspir'd,
A Bard carcs'd by all, by all admir'd;
He Choral strings, in sleepy Silence bound,
Touch'd into Voice, and waken'd into Sound ;

Then

Then taught those Sounds to flow with easy Art,
To woo the Soul, and glide into the Heart,
In Notes, untry'd before, his Fancy dress'd,
And bid new transports rise in ev'ry Breast.

While round in Crouds the fair Creation stand,
The polish'd *Viol* trembling in his Hand,
While swift as Thought, from note to note he
springs,
Flies o'er th' unerring Tones, and sweeps the
founding Strings,

D

The

The Old, the Young, the Serious, and the Gay,
With ravish'd Ears devour the 'witching Lay ;
The *Lover's* Eyes now languishingly Roll,
And speak the Dictates of the raptur'd Soul ;
Foes, in whose Breasts the wildest Passion strove,
Forget their Rage, and soften into Love :
The prideful *Beauty*, feels with new Surprise
Her Bosom swell, and wonders why she Sighs,
Each Passion acts as he affects the Heart,
And Nature answers ev'ry stroke of Art.

: But

But now refin'd *Hibernia's* ravish'd Throng,

With wonder dwell on *Nicholini's* Song,

Whose warbling Voice and tuneful Tongue dis-
pence,

The blended harmony of Sound and Sense:

With these he knew the list'ning Soul to charm,

And ev'ry Torment of it's Sting disarm,

Cou'd calm the harsh disturber *Care*, to ease,

With Fear delight us, and with Sorrow please;

Cou'd warm the kindling Soul with am'rous Fire,

And Raptures, which he never felt, inspire.

While

While *Musick* thus its native Beauty flows,
And, from its living Spring delightful flows,
How does it raise ! how gladden ev'ry Heart !
How far transcend the mimic Voice of *Art* !

So, when *Belinda's* heav'nly Beauties stand,
Wrought into Life, by *Kneller's* magic Hand,
Her Face, her Shape, have all that *Art* can give,
Start from the animated Paint, and Live ;
But, when the real Nymph, divin'ly bright,
Array'd in native Lustre, strikes our Sight,

Some

Some nameless transport in our Bosom plays,
That Shade and Colour want the Force to raise.

Dubourg next sways the Soul with nicest Art,
And binds in airy Chains the captive Heart,
While from the vocal Strings, and shifting *Bow*,
At his nice Touch th' obsequious Numbers flow.
With easy toil he swells the Notes aloud,
Now on the Ear precipitant they croud,
Now, scarcely heard, they gradually decay,
And with melodious *Cadence* waste away,

While

While at his melting Falls, and dying Notes,
Around the Heart the liquid Rapture floats.

With martial Ardor if he boldly warms,
The animated *Hero* pants for Arms,
With guiltless Rage th' impetuous Spirit glows,
And prostrates *Legions* of imagin'd Foes.

But, if to Mirth, a sprightly strain inclines,
With Humour fraught his quick'ning Genius
shines,
Then, smiling Joys thro' ev'ry Aspect fly,
Glow in the Lips, and wanton in the Eye.

Next

Next *Bocchi* Reigns, whom Art and Nature
 grace

To smoothe the roughness of the fullen *Base*,
 Directs his Notes distinct to rise or fall,
 Tries ev'ry *Tone* to charm, and charms in all.

Th' awaken'd *Muse* thus rises, thus refines,
 Improves with *Time*, and in Perfection shines;
 The first rude Lays are now but meanly priz'd,
 As rude, neglected, as untun'd, despis'd:
 Dead——(in Esteem too dead) the *Bards* that sung,
 The *Fife* neglected, and the *Harp* unstrung.

So

So when the *Thrush* exalts his chearful Throat,
 To glad the Fields with many an artless Note,
 With rude Delight the List'ner's Breast he warms,
 Wild tho' he sings, his sylvan Wildness charms;
 But if the warbling *Nightingale* prepares
 Her softer Voice, that melts with thrilling Airs,
 The Winds are hush'd, still Silence reigns around,
 And list'ning *Echo* dwells upon the Sound ;
 Harsh seem the Strains which gave Delight before,
 And far excell'd, those Strains delight no more.

The

The pausing *Muse* now shuts her vent'rous

Wings,

And, anxious of Success, distrustful sings,

O! might her Lays to thy Esteem succeed,

For whom she tun'd her artless Voice and Reed,

Thy Smiles wou'd swell her Heart with honest

Pride,

Approv'd by thee she scorns the World beside.

E

A N



A N
H Y M N
T O
S L E E P.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. LORENZO BOCCHI.

I.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languish,
God of Golden Dreams and Peace,

Gently sooth a Lover's Anguish,

Help to make his Tortures cease :

Spread

Spread thy sacred Pinions o'er me,

Lull the busy Soul to rest,

Then, bring her I Love before me,

She that's painted in my Breast.

II.

If kind as fair, my Prize I'll keep,

And, great as *Jove*, the World forsake ;

Let me, thus blest, for ever sleep,

And lye, and dream, and never wake ;

But, shou'd the Fair, divinely bright,

Reject my Vows, and scorn my Flame,

Fly, fly kind Sleep, restore the Light,

Let *Strephon* see 'twas all a Dream.

LUSUS



LUSUS PILÆ

(*Amatorius*) *ex nive coacta*. Epigramma

Petronii Affranii.

ME nive candenti petit modo *Julia*, rebar
Igne carere nivem, nix tamen ignis erat.

Quid nive frigidius? pectus tamen urere nostrum

Nix potuit, manibus *Julia* missa tuis.

Quis Locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,

Frigore concreta si latet ignis aqua?

Julia sola potes nostras extinguere flammæ,

Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

The

The Same.

TRANSLATED.

FROM *Julia's* Hand a *Snow-Ball* came,
I thought it Ice, but felt it Flame :

See! as the harden'd Fleece she throws,

The Substance kindles as it goes,

Forgets its native Cold, when press'd

By her soft Hand, and burns my Breast.

Where safe from Love shall I retire,

If *Snow* contains a latent Fire?

Julia, thy Love alone can ease

Our Pains, and quench the Fires you raise.

T O



T O
M I R A.
A P A S T O R A L
P O E M.

O *Mira*, fair as early Day,
More chearing than the sunny Ray,

Not all the Beauties Nature yields,

To scent the Lawn, or grace the Fields,

Not gawdy *Finch*, with gilded Wing,

Nor warbling *Larks* that Soar and Sing,

Nor

Nor cooling Seat in vaulted Bow'rs,
Nor Fragrance breath'd from op'ning Flow'rs,
Nor fall of Streams, nor lonely Walks,
Where unsubstantial *Echo* talks,
Nor bleating Flocks, nor grassy Downs,
Nor filken Maids retir'd from Towns,
Not these have Charms, whene'er we part,
To kindle Pleasure in my Heart.

Thus, Mourns the thrifty glift'ning *Bee*,
For absent Sun, and droops like me :

Nor

Nor prunes his gawzy Wings to fly
Where Flow'rs, in gay Confusion, lye ;
Nor Sweetness sips from Blossoms fair,
Nor sportive Skims thro' Fields of Air ;
Nature, too poor to sooth its Pain,
Spreads all her Store of Sweets in vain,
That single Blessing unpossess't
Of all their Relish robs the rest.

M I R A



MIRA and COLIN.

A

SONG.

I.

THE Morn was fair, the Sky serene,
The Face of Nature smil'd,

Soft Dews impearl'd the tufted Plain,

And Daisy-painted *wild*:

F

The

The Hills were gilded by the Sun,

Sweet breath'd the vernal Air,

Her early Hymn the *Lark* begun

To sooth the Shepherd's Care,

II.

When *Mira* fair, and *Colin* gay,

Both fam'd for faithful Love,

Delighted with the rising Day,

Together sought the Grove:

And near a smooth translucent Stream

That silent stole along,

Thus

Thus *Colin* to his matchless Dame

Address'd the tender Song.

III.

Hark! *Mira*, how from yonder Tree

The feather'd Warblers sing,

They tune their artless Notes for thee,

For thee, more sweet than Spring :

How choice a Fragrance thro' the Air

Those Spring-born Blossoms shed,

How seems that Vi'let proud to rear

Its purple-tinctur'd Head !

IV.

IV.

Ah! *Mira*, had the tuneful Race
Thy Heart-bewitching Tongue,
Who wou'd not fondly haunt the Place,
Enamour'd while they sung?
Ye Flow'rs, on *Mira's* Bosom pres't,
Ne'er held ye Place so fair,
Tho', oft ye breathe on *Venus'* Breast,
And scent the *Graves* Hair.

V.

Shall I to Gems compare thine Eyes,
Thy Skin to Virgin Snows,

Thy

Thy balmy Breath, to Gales that rise

From ev'ry new-blown *Rose*?

Ah, Nymph! so far thy Charms outshine

The fairest Forms we see,

We only guess at Things divine

By what appears in *Thee*.

VI.

'Twas thus enamour'd *Colin* sung,

His Love-excited Lays,

The Grove with tender Echoes Rung,

Resounding *Mira's* Praise;

And,

And, thus crys: *Love*, who sported near,

And wav'd his silken Wings,

What wonder, since the *Nymph's* so fair,

So fond the *Shepherd* sings.



T H E



THE
B E E.

In tenni Labor.

Virg.

TO yonder newly-open'd *Rose*,
Whose Leaves the Morning's Blush dis-
close,

How swift that prudent *Insect* flies,

Who oft in Beds of Fragrance lies,

And

And now the dewy Drop devours
That soft Impearls the blowing Flow'rs!

He now on Wings of *Zephyrs* rides,
Then, smooth in airy Circles glides,
And tastes whatever *Nature* yields
In fragrant Gardens, Groves or Fields.

That Vi'let Bank—, how sweet it smells!
How long on ev'ry Bloom he dwells—!
The *Primrose* now he makes his Prey,
And steals the *Cowslip's* Sweets away.

Cease—,

Cease—, artful Plund'rer—, spoil no more
These Blossoms of their balmy Store,
Which Nature taught them to produce,
For nobler *Man's* Delight and Use:
Nay—, rather Plunder—since we find
No Traces of the Theft behind.

But now, why nimbly do'st thou rise,
And lightly Skim before my Eyes?
And why thy tender Pinions spread,
To humm, and wanton round my Head?

G

What

What swells thy little Heart to Rage?
Rash *Fool!* what prompts thee to engage
With Man, so far surpassing thee?
Why do'st thou whet thy Sting at Me?
When thou in *Woodbine* Bow'rs did'st play,
Or in the *Rose* embosom'd lay,
Or thro' the scented Allys flew
Where Vi'lets-breath'd, or Lillies grew,
Did I thy harmless Joys molest?
Did I with Terror fill thy Breast?
Did e'er I chace thee round the Bow'r
For Sweets, the Spoils of many a Flow'r?

And

And wilt thou, vain, ungrateful Thing!
At me direct thy poison'd *Sting*?
Fly hence—to lonely Desarts fly—,
And wilt thou still persist—, then die——.
And now, thy filken *Wings* I seize,
These filken *Wings* no more shall teize,
Nor shall they, smooth thy Body bear
Along the Bosom of the Air;
But thus—, torn off—, thro' Tempests go,
The Sport of all the Winds that blow:
And next, thy *Head* shall cease to cleave
To thee, so indiscreetly brave:

The

The Sting, that wont to give us Pain,

I thus—, for ever render vain,

And thou a nameless Carcase art,

Despoil'd of ev'ry harmful Part,

'Tis done—, and now methinks I find

Compassion working in my Mind ;

A tender Pity swells my Breast,

Too late, alas! to thee express:

These Eyes, which Death's cold Hand hath seal'd,

How dim they seem! with Darkness veil'd!

These

These Limbs, which knew to form so well,
With curious Art the waxen Cell,
And there reserve it's Treasures rare,
That might with *Hybla* Sweets compare,
Now stiff—, there, piteous Object, lie,
O Life! how swiftly do'st thou fly!

A Moment since, and thou could'st Rove
Thro' Orchard, Meadow, Lawn, or Grove,
Delighted in the Sunshine play,
And Float along the lucid Ray;

Or

Or skim the dimply Stream, and roam
Far distant from thy Straw-built Home ;
Yet now thy little *Spirit's* fled,
And thou art number'd with the Dead,
Alas ! how small a space supplies
The *Insect*, and the *King* that dies !

By so severe, so hard a Fate,
Was *Pompey* strip'd of all his State,
Like thee a headless Corse was made,
No Sigh, no Tear, no Honour paid.

Forgive,

Forgive, ah gentle *Shade*, forgive
 That Hand, by which you cease to Live,
 That Hand shall soon a Tomb prepare,
 And place your injur'd Body there ;
 That Hand the sweetest Flow'rs shall bring,
 The lov'liest Daughters of the *Spring*,
 The *Pancy* gay, the *Violet* blue,
 And *Roses* of celestial Hue,
Carnations sweet, of various dye,
 And *Tulips*, form'd to please the Eye,

And

And ev'ry fragrant op'ning Bloom,
Shall breathe its Odours round thy Tomb :
And I, too conscious of my Crime,
Shall make thee Live to future Time.



T O



T O

Mr. ----- on seeing a
Friend's PICTURE of his
PAINTING.

SAY—, whence can *Paint* assume such Grace
To animate the mimic Face?

That Face, where all that's good, and wise

Starts into *Life*, and strikes our Eyes,

And where, by thy creative *Art*,

Those *Graces* shine that deck his Heart.

H

Here

Here Fortitude and Friendship shine
Confest, in ev'ry living Line,
Here breathes *Philosophy*——: and there,
A Calm, inspir'd, exalted Air,
Like *Homer* when his Lyre he strung,
And *Ilion's* Woes divinely sung;
Or *Maro*, when in lofty Lays
He hymn'd his *Pollio's* golden Days

Let others boast the Skill, to trace
Some faint Resemblance of the Face,

Bur

(51)

But you the pow'rful Magic know
Distinct the secret Soul to show ;
In thee that Excellence we find,
At once to Paint the *Face* and *Mind*.



T H E



THE LOST
MUSE.

CALIO, the sweetest *Muse* of Nine
Who charm the Gods with Lays divine,
Private and unperceiv'd withdrew,
And swift from sacred *Pindus* flew,
On some exalted Project bent,
But told no Creature her Intent.

The

The God of *Numbers* heard it said,
His fav'rite, sweet-tongu'd *Muse* was fled,
And he had oft observ'd, of late
That she was absent from her Seat,
When all her tuneful Sister-Train
Were forming some immortal Strain.

He us'd to send her, now and then,
With Hints to some peculiar Men,
To *Pope*, *Delany*, *Gay*, or *Swift*,
But now he cou'd not guess her Drift,

And

And wonders much, that she wou'd venture
 To visit *Bards*, except he sent her,
 So, half-provok'd, away he flies,
 Takes *Hermes* with him in Disguise,
 Resolv'd to roam the World around,
 'Till *Clio's* private Haunt is found.

The Gods, impatient of Delay,
 To fam'd *Eblana*, wing their Way,
 And prudent, first at *Swift's* descend,
Apollo's best-regarded Friend,

And

And whom the God of Verse and Wit,
 Inspir'd in ev'ry Line he writ;
 There might they hope their Prize to gain
 Where ev'ry *Muse* delights to Reign;
 But she, to execute her Scheme,
 Had left him just before they came.

Quick as descending Rays of Light,
 To *Delville* next they take their Flight :
Delville, where all the *Wise* resort,
 Where oft the *Muses* keep their Court ;

And

And veil'd from ev'ry mortal Eye
 Thro' all the *Doct'or's* Rooms they pry,
 They search his arbour'd Seats, and Garden,
 (Fit Place to find a *Muse* or *Bard* in :)
 Then turn'd his Papers o'er with Care,
 And plainly found she had been there,
 Such Learning, Elegance, and Ease,
 Appear in all *Delany's* Lays,
 Such Beauties in his Numbers shine,
 As prove their Origin divine.

With

With these their Disappointments next,
 They fly to fair *Saphira's* next,
 And found her, forming into Rhime
 A Thought exalted and Sublime,
 Perceiv'd such Excellence and Wit,
 Such Charms in all she spoke and writ,
 As soon convinc'd their wond'ring Eyes,
 The *Muse* was with her in Disguise,
 And, fond the rising Age to bless,
 Assum'd a *mortal* Form and Dress.

I

The

The *God*, delighted, calms his Rage,
 And crys, there Live, to charm the Age,
 Be thou a gay inspiring Guest,
 And fill, with soft Delights, her Breast,
 That Breast with all that's good replete,
 But *Clio*, this will be thy Fate,
 Thou shalt contrive the deathless Lays,
 But see *Saphira* win the Praise.

T H E



THE
INVITATION.
To Doctor DELANY, at
Delville, MDCCXXIX.

Excepto quod non simul effes, cetera Latus.

WHILE you, dear *Friend*, exempt
from Care,

Delight to breathe the rural Air,

Where *Nature* pours her best Perfumes

From fragrant Flow'rs, and op'ning Blooms,

While

While You, with Gardens, Groves, and Plains,
And various Eye-bewitching Scenes,
Contrive politely how to please,
And charm the Soul a thousand Ways,
I wish—, nor let my Wish be vain,
To tempt you back to Town again.

'Twere Condescension great in thee
To quit such Joys to pleasure me,
For, here no stately Dome have I,
No Scenes to charm the roving Eye,

No

No Gardens fair, no Fields to roam,

Nor half the Sweets you find at Home :

Yet, if gay *Ovid* sings aright,

The Gods themselves wou'd oft delight,

Ev'n *Hermes* and *Apollo* too,

(Both rival'd in their Arts by you,

Whether in Lays sublime you shine, !

Or act the Orator Divine :)

These Gods, I say, wou'd now and then

Descend, to visit humble Men.

Oft

Oft is it pleasing to the Great
To live forgetful of their State,
To leave Abundance, and unbend
Their Minds with some inferior Friend,
Where blest with Health, and homely Fare,
They quaff Delight, and smile at Care,
And find that in an humble Cell,
Mirth, Innocence, and Peace can dwell.

Oft in a *Toyshop* have you seen
A gawdy-painted, small Machine,

Where

Where Man and Wife are plac'd together,
To tell by turns the change of Weather,
No *Simile* cou'd half so well
Describe the House in which I dwell.

O! wou'd some *Zephyr* waft, with Care,
My House and Garden thro' the Air,
To Lands encircled by the Main,
Where *Lilliputian* Monarchs Reign,
How wou'd it glad my Heart to see
Whole Nations—somewhat less than me,

My

My House wou'd then a Palace rise,
 And *Kings* with Envy view my Size.

O thou, by ev'ry *Muse* inspir'd,
 By ev'ry gen'rous Soul admir'd,
 A—while forfake the sylvan Scene,
 And, with the *Graces* in thy Train,
 Descend to make my Joys compleat,
 And with thy Presence blest my Seat :
 For thy enliv'ning Converse lends
 Abundant Rapture to thy Friends,

Thy

Thy Words, express with graceful Art,

Improve the Head, and mend the Heart.

The more we know thee, still we find

Some new Perfections in thy Mind,

A rich, inestimable Store

Of Virtues, unperceiv'd before.

Thus, o'er the Vault of Heav'n, by Night,

We see a thousand Orbs of Light,

K

But

But, when with nicer View we trace
That bright, interminable Space,
New Worlds of Glory there we spy,
That 'scap'd at first the wond'ring Eye.



T H E



T H E

G I R D L E.

IN slumber sweet as *Venus* lay

Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove,

Where odour-breathing *Zephyrs* play,

There wily *Cupid* chanc'd to rove.

II.

Surpriz'd, he sees the Goddess there

Alone, and calmly lull'd to Rest,

With

With loosen'd *Zone*, and golden Hair,
Soft-waving o'er her snowy Breast.

III.

This Love-creating *Zone*, he cries,
Shall now diviner *Cart'rot* grace,
Shall give new Lustre to her Eyes,
And spread new Beauty o'er her Face.

IV.

The *Girdle* seiz'd, and *Cupid* flown,
From Sleep arose the Queen of *Love*,
She miss't her Beauty-giving *Zone*,
And sought it, anxious, thro' the Grove.

V. This

V.

This Loss will all my Charms destroy,

She cries, and O I fear—, my Son

To give some fav'rite *Female* Joy,

Hath all his Parent's Pow'r undone,

VI.

To search him out, she speeds away

From Place to Place, with eager Haste,

And spies him, full of Mirth and Play,

At beautiful *Carri-er's* Toilet plac't.

VII. The

VII.

The *Fair*, such Charms possess'd before

As ne'er in mortal Form were seen,

The *Girdle* adds a thousand more,

By which she rivals Beauty's *Queen* :

VIII.

In *Cart'ret's* Face such *Graces* smil'd,

The Goddess looks away her Rage,

I'm pleas'd, she crys, since thus beguil'd,

To show *Perfection* to the Age,

T O



T O

M I R A.

With the Miscellaneous Works of
Mr. POPE.

MIRA, to thee the fondest of thy Friends
With these soft Works his softest

Wishes sends,

Works, form'd with Grandeur, Majesty, and Art,
To raise the Mind, and to delight the Heart,

Sub-

Sublimely soft, and Nervous tho' with Ease,
 Inspir'd with ev'ry Excellence to please,
 The Pow'r of *Numbers* governing the whole,
 Enchants the Ear, and mixes with the Soul.

If *Windfor's* sacred Forest be his Theme,
Windfor delights us as a golden Dream,
 Sweet are its Lawns and Groves in Fancy seen,
 With bloomy Sprays, and ever-living Green,
 The *Mind*, transported with his Scenes, he leads
 O'er Hills, or Vales, or Flow'r-embellish'd Meads,
 From

From him new Charms inspiring *Wind* for gains,
 And Smiles with Bloom eternal in his Strains.

If *Pope* describes the Youth prepar'd to Chace,
 With wing'd Pursuit, the frighted sylvan Race,
 To wind the Vocal Horn, while Hills resound,
 And urge the rapid *Steed* to skim the Ground,
 Th' impatient *Fancy*, wing'd with equal Speed,
 Flies o'er the Lawns, and stretches with the *Steed*.

When whelm'd in Grief fond *Eloisa* lies,
 With kind Concern we feel our Bosoms rise,

L

So

So just, so lively are her Woes express't,
 A strong Compassion throbs in ev'ry Breast,
 In ev'ry Sigh, in ev'ry Pang we share,
 Bleed at her Wounds, and number Tear for Tear.

To some lone Cell when mournful she retires,
 To breathe those Sighs, which Solitude inspires,
 Who on a Tomb can see the Mourner spread,
 (The dreary Lodgment of the silent Dead,)
 Where Damps unwholsome Taint the purer Air,
 With not one Friend to soften her Despair,

Who

Who sees unmov'd the Soul-distressing Scene,
 Who reads her Woes, and feels not all her Pain?
 Her Grief enliven'd by the *Poet's* Art,
 With ev'ry kind Emotion sways the Heart.

When loftier Lines describe the peaceful Age,
 And God *Messiah* swells the sacred Page,
 How bold! how rais'd his Sentiments appear!
 How justly temper'd with an hallow'd Fear!
 How is the *Bard* with heav'nly Raptures fir'd!
 How, praising *God!* by *God* himself inspir'd!

Messiah

Messiah born ! O sing *Messiah's* Reign !

When teeming *Plenty* loads the fruitful Plain :

O smile ye *Fields* ! ye *Vallies* laugh and sing !

Rejoyce thou *Sion* ! *Salem* greet thy King !

Ye *Clouds*, your Fatness on the Earth distill !

Ye feather'd People hymn from ev'ry Hill !

To bless the Earth a *God*, a *God* descends,

Whose Wisdom guides, whose Providence
defends.

O, cou'd I flow in *Cowley's* easy Vein,

Or boast the gentle *Granville's* softer Strain,

Cou'd

Cou'd I aspire to *Pope's* sublimer Stile,

(The nobler *Homer* of the *British* Isle,)

Each lively Thought shou'd, like thy Beauties,

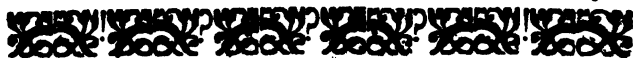
warm,

And charm that *Maid* who lives the World to

charm.



A N



A N
O D E.
T O
L Y C I D A S.

I.

W H Y, *Lycidas*, thou'd Man be vain
If bounteous Heav'n hath made
him Great,

Why look, with insolent Disdain,

On those undeck't with Wealth and State?

II. Can

II.

Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
Or costly Gems, to deck the Hair,
Can all the Glories of a *Crown*
Give Health, or smoothe the Brow of Care?

III.

The sceptred Prince, the burden'd Slave,
The Humble and the Haughty die,
The Poor, the Rich, the Base, the Brave,
In Dust without Distinction lie.

IV. Go.

IV.

Go, search the Tombs where *Monarchs* rest,

Who once the richest Glories wore,

Fled is that Grandeur they possess't,

And all their Greatness is no more.

V.

So glides the *Meteor* thro' the Sky,

And sweeps along a gilded Train,

But when its short-liv'd Beauties die,

Dissolves to common *Air* again.

THE



T H E
CANDLE.

HAIL ! thou that cheer'st the Face of
Night,

Fair, artificial World of Light,

Whose Radiance bids the Gloom look gay,

And Kindles darkness into Day,

What Words thy Excellence can praise,

Or Paint the Beauties of thy Blaze !

M

The

The Stars, that twinkle on the Eye
Thro' yon Immeasurable Sky,
A less Degree of Lustre show,
And less assist this World below.

Prometheus, boldest Son of Earth,
Was sure the Author of thy Birth,
His Wisdom form'd thee, fit to bear
The Lucid Theft thro' Fields of air.

When dark-ey'd *Night* enshrouds the Skies
With Shades, and Nature silent lies,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with thy gloom-dispelling Fire,
 I soon from Care and Noise retire :
 Then, fond of *Wisdom's* charms, explore
 The antient *Sages'* golden Store,
 And grieve, to think those Sons of Fame
 Were less Immortal ~~than~~ than their Name.

I Read Old *Homer's* nervous Lines,
 Where Heav'n-born Inspiration shines ;
 Great *Bard !* who knew to raise Delight
 Ev'n from the Terrors of a Fight ;

To

To fire the Soul with Martial Rage,
 Or give engaging Charms to *Age*,
 To Sway the Heart with Hope, or Fear,
 And 'wake the Grief-created Tear.

By thee, I read what *Flaccus* writ
 With boundless Elegance and Wit;
 Or what the gay *Anacron* sung,
 Or *Sapbo's* Soul-subduing Tongue;
 Or *Swift's*, or *Pope's*, or *Maro's* Lays,
 All blest with universal Praise,

By

By thee, the pleasing Means I find,
To brighten and improve the Mind.

But, while by Thirst of Wisdom led,
I thus hold converse with the *Dead*,
Thy Beauty swift consumes away ;
Alas ! that fairest Forms decay !
Tho' *Hellen* heav'nly Charms possess
That spread Delight thro' ev'ry Breast,
Like thine, her Beauties cou'd not save
The fair Possessor from the Grave.

In

In thee, *Latitia*, tho' we find
 All Virtues that exalt the Mind ;
 Tho' Nature ev'ry Gift supplies,
 To make thee, more than Woman, wise ;
 Tho' *Seraphs* Hymn the Pow'r divine
 In strains that only equal thine ;
 Tho' now with all Perfections grac't,
 As *Hellen* Fair, as *Cynibia* Chaste,
 Yet thou, and all that's good, or great,
 Must bow to wasting Time, and Fate,
 Thy sprightly Wit, thy Eyes divine
 Shall Cease, — Ev'n they shall cease to shine.

 C O R-



C O R V U S.

A very common C A S E.

I.

IF e'er I marry, *Corvus* crys,

The tender Partner of my Bed

Must be both affable and wise,

Divinely form'd, and nicely bred.

II. Good-

II.

Good-natur'd, witty, gay, polite,
Of Manners gentle and refin'd,
Must like Divine *Saphira* write,
And boast a *Mira's* perfect Mind.

III.

'Twas well resolv'd, a *Wife* he chose :
Sure *Corvus* is extremely bläst !
Alas, a wedded Wretch he grows,
At Home perplex'd, Abroad a Jest.

IV. Either

IV.

Either by Wealth, or Features, caught,

Those Charms that sway the senseless Croud

She's the Reverse of what he sought,

Grave, simple, sullen, testy, proud.

V.

Like * *Faustus* he expects to gain,

A fair One deck'd with heav'nly Charms,

But finds with Horror, Grief, Disdain,

A *Fury* thrust into his Arms.

* Alluding to a Fabulous Passage in the Life of *Faustus*: who was deluded by the Devil's promising him the Enjoyment of a *Hellen*, but was cheated with the Person of a *Fury*.



C O R V U S.

Latine Redditus. per *Gul. Dankis*. A. B.

ME si fata volunt vinclo sociare Jugali,
Sit conjux facilis, comis, amica, placens ;

Ingenium cui mitte datur, cui splendida virtus

Et sine bile sales, et sine fraude decor :

Saphira jactet *Phæbum*, *Miraq*; Minervam,

Nec minor igne Dei, nec minor arte Deæ.

Hæc

Hæc ubi dixisset *Corvus*, præclara minatus,

Uxorẽm duxit : nempe beatus erit ;

Ut voluit Fortuna, miser suã vincula mordet,

Bella domi patitur, Ludibriumq; foris.

Seu scelerata fames auri, seu forma Profanum ;

Quæq; movent vulgus, te quoq; *Corve* movent.

Illa viri votis contraria vota rependit,

Iracunda, gravis, dura, superba, rudis :

Haud secus in scena, misero damnatus amori,

Divinæ *Faustus* virginis ora manet,

Ast dum Tyndarides collo dare brachia circum

Ardet, in amplexus sæva *Megara* ruit.

T H E



T H E
F L E A.

Inscrib'd to N. P——, Esq;

LITTLE Hind'rer of my Rest,
Thus I tear thee from my Breast,

Bosom Traytor ! pinching Harm !

Wounding me who kept thee warm !

Thro' my Skin thou scatter'st Pains,

Crimson'd o'er with circling Stains:

Skiping *Mischief* ! swift as Thought !

Sanguine *Insect* !—art thou caught ?

Nought

Nought avail thy nimble Springs,
Caus'd perhaps by viewless Wings ;
Those thy Teeth that cheat our Sight
Cease their titillating Bite,
I, from all thy Vengeance freed,
Safe shall Sleep, and cease to Bleed.



to



TO FULVIA Singing.

THO' *Time* on the Features of *Fulvia* hath
fed,

And mow'd down the Roses that bloom'd in
her Face,

Tho' the Pale in her Cheeks hath supplanted the
Red,

And her Beauties to Wrinkles and Horror give
Place.

II.

Yet *Fulvia* in spite of her Person, and Age,

Well-suited to chill the most amorous Breast,

While

While the Tortures our Sight, the our Ears can
engage,

With a Voice, too divine to be justly exprest.

III.

So *Fiddles*, with Vermin and Time half-decay'd,

Discolour'd, and rotten, and dusty, and foul,

If touch'd into Voice, are surprizingly made

To emit such a Sound, as may ravish the Soul.

T H E



THE
Constant SHEPHERD.

Felices ter & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula.

Hor.

COME hither, *Mira*, while the Sun
Prepares his radiant Course to run,

Come sit, my fair one, always gay,

Inspiter of the tender Lay,

On

On yonder Bank with *Violets* crown'd,
And *Cowslips* breathing Sweets around,
And listen, kind, while I impart
What Fondness dictates to my Heart.

To Me how Beautiful appear
All *Nature's* Works, when thou art near !
Sweet glides the mazy Stream along,
And sweetly sounds the *Tbrush's* Song,
With added Charms the Flow'rs display
Their Beauties, op'ning to the Day ;

O

But

But *Mira* gone—my Pleasures fly,
The Stream, unheeded wanders by,
The Birds, methinks, discordant sing,
And cheerless breathe the Sweets of Spring:
'Tis she that charms, and makes with ease
Each varying Scene, and Object please.

Be ever prais'd that Pow'r divine,

And blest the Hour that made thee mine.

When others I with thee compare,
Thou seem'st more virtuous, wise, and fair,

And,

And, pleas'd, I see thee far outshine

Thy *Sex*, with Excellence divine.

Belinda boasts a beauteous Face,

She wants no Eye-engaging Grace,

Yet search *Belinda's* Mind with Care,

You'll find no Charms to strike you there.

In *Laura* Wit and Humour reign,

But *Laura's* peevish, proud, and vain,

Devour'd with Spleen, perverse, and prone

To scorn all Judgments—but her own.

But,

But, *Mira!* each superior Grace
Adorns thy Soul, and decks thy Face :
Both form'd so fair, not *Envy's* Eye
Can one Defect or Blemish spy,
Ev'n *Virtue's* self wou'd Mankind see,
Their wond'ring Eyes must fix on thee.

May *Heav'n*, to crown my Life with Joy,
For thee its guardian Care employ,
And ev'ry swiftly-circling *Hour*
Abundant Blessings 'round thee pour;

Then

Then *Colin*, blest in this Retreat,
Shall scorn the Glory of the Great,
And here with sweet Contentment reign,
A constant, kind, delighted *Swain*—.

Be ever prais'd that Pow'r divine,

And blest the Hour that made thee mine.

A



A

Supportable Misfortune.

Imitated from *Martial*.

Ἦν δὲ μαρὶς γάμψ τις, ἔχει χάριν, ἢν κατορύξῃ
Εὐθὺς τὴν γαμέτην, πρὶν λαζὼν μεγάλην.

Auto :

MORE sweet *Erotio* seem'd, and fair,
Than blooms that Scent the vernal Air,
Than Virgin *Lilly*'s radiant hue,
Or softest *Down*, or pearly *Dew* ;

* And

* And breath'd such Fragrance, such Perfume,
As Roses that in *Paffus* bloom.

O ! snatch'd——, for ever snatch'd away !
To *Fate* a lovely tender Prey !
Entomb'd with thee my Pleasures lie,
My Mirth, my Love, my Raptures die !

|| Scarce cold within the Sacred Urn,
Erotio sleeps, whom thus I mourn,

* *Fragravit ore, quod Rosarium Paffi.*
† *Adhuc recenti tepet Erotio Basso, &c.*

Yet

Yet *Corvus* in a Rage appears

To hear my Sighs, and see my Tears,

And cries, “ Why this affected Show,

“ * Of Grief, these Images of Woe ?

“ What means this tearing of the Hair ?

“ This solemn Face of deep *Despair* ?

“ Can’st thou one sign of Sorrow see,

“ One mark of real Grief in me ?

“ || Yet I’ve interr’d a beauteous *Bride*,

“ Her Fortune ample——as her Pride ;

* Et esse tristem me meus vetat *Corvus*.

|| Ego conjugem, inquit, extuli, et tamen vivo ; notam, superbam, Locupletem, &c.

“ Of

“ Of sober Sense, and anxious Thought
“ To magnify the Wealth she brought :
“ Yet I survive a Loss so great,
“ And seem contented with my Fate.

Thrice happy *Corvus*! blisful Hour !

To lose a *Wife*, and gain a *Dow'r* :

† What Patience *Jove* to *Corvus* gives !

He gets a thousand Pound——Yet lives !

† Quid esse nostro fortius potest *Corvo*,
Ducenties accepit, et tamen vivit.



THE
G I F T.

O P P R E S S ' D *Hibernia*, in Despair,
Complains to *Jove* in fervent Pray'r,

How fast her Liberties decay,

How fast her Honours fade away,

Her *Sons* to no Preferments rise,

'Tho' Earth can boast of few so Wise,

How

How Poor, how Desolate she grows,
And begs Redress of all her Woes.

Then *Jove* : “ *Hibernia* sues too late,
“ Her Sorrows are decreed by Fate,
“ But Heav’n those Sorrows shall Repay
“ With Blessings, in a nobler Way.
“ Let Haughty *Britain* boast no more,
“ With scornful Pride, her golden Store,
“ That distant Worlds her Name revere,
“ That Arts and Learning flourish there ;

“ To

- “ To raise thy Glory, we design
“ To bless thee with a *Gift* Divine,
“ A *Gift*, by which thy injur'd Name
“ Shall fill th' immortal Voice of Fame,
“ That *Albion* may with Envy see
“ Her Glories far surpass'd by thee.

Hibernia thanks him for the *Gift*,
And owns, She's overpaid in *Swift*.

MIR A's



M I R A's Picture,

A S *Mira* the Lovely, whom Nature with
Care,

Created surpassingly Virtuous and Fair,

Convers'd with *Clarissa*, in Words that reveal,

That Learning and Wit which she strives to
conceal,

A *Poet* was near, who perceiv'd, with Surprise,

The Charms of her Mind equal those of her Eyes,

So perfect a Form, so harmonious a Tongue,

No *Pencil* e'er painted, no *Poet* e'er sung :

And

And whilst her Perfections with Wonder he views,
Thus, to *Cupid*, her constant Attendant, he flies.

What Language, O *Cupid*, what Words shall
I find,
To speak the Perfections that polish her Mind,
O! tell me what Colours can paint ev'ry Grace,
That lives in her Language, and blooms in her
Face!

Ne'er hope it, cries *Love*, not *Apollo's* own
Lays
Such various Perfections cou'd worthily praise;

Her

(III)

Her Wisdom the Envy of *Pallas* might move,

Her Beauty give Pain to the *Goddeſs* of *Love*.

But wou'd you deſcribe her both Wiſe and Sin-

cere,

Than Sweet-breathing Bloſſoms more Fragrant,

and Fair,

Of more Graces divine, more Virtues poſſeſt,

Than ever reſided in one Woman's Breſt,

Call her *Cloe's* Reverse, and Mankind will know,

That *Mira's* the perfecteſt Being below.

CUPID's

C U P I D's Reply.

I.

COME tell me *Cupid*, *Venus* crys,
And speak, if possible, sincere,
What mortal Beauty boasts such Eyes
As these ? The God reply'd, * *Kildare*.

II.

But see, my Child, this Form of mine,
What Charms, what Graces wanton there,
Who equals now this Bloom Divine ?
Persisting *Cupid* crys, *Kildare*.

* The Rt. Honourable the Countess of *Kildare*.

III. This

III.

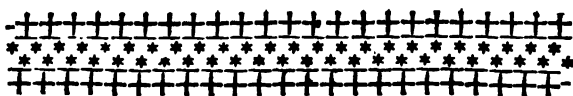
This Skin excells the Virgin Snow,

These Lips, these Cheeks the Soul enslave,
Can fairest Forms such Beauties show,
Crys *Cupid*, go—, observe *Kildare*.

IV.

Her Innocence let *Cynthia* boast,

And *Wisdom's Queen* her Virtues rare,
Yet their united Charms, at most,
Will prove faint Copies of *Kildare*.



T H E
A D V I C E.

To *M I R A*.

TWO Females fair, for Beauty fam'd,
This *Flavia*, t'other *Mira* nam'd,
Were form'd with ev'ry perfect Grace,
Each Excellence of Mind and Face.

Tho' many a Heart for *Flavia* bleeds,
In Wedlock *Mira* first Succeeds :

But

But soon the Blush that painted o'er
 Her Virgin Cheek, appears no more,
 Her Bloom in weak'ning Child-birth flies,
 And ev'ry rosy Beauty dies.

From *Flavia's* Cheeks the Roses fade,
 And fast her Maiden Charms decay'd,
 In Dairys, Fields, or lonely Bow'rs
 She wastes her solitary Hours,
 For Plays, — she sees a *Sylvan* Scene,
 And sighs for Town——, but sighs in vain.

How

How *Beauty* fades ! perplexing Thought !
Thus both are on a level brought,
By diff'rent Causes both survey
Their Pride-inspiring Charms decay.

Then thus, ye *Fair*, I both advise,
Since Beauty ev'ry Moment flies,
Since ev'ry Hour those Charms decrease
Which deck the most alluring Face :
Improve, what *Time* can ne'er impair,
What only renders Woman Fair,
What keeps a Husband always kind,
Improve, the beauties of the *Mind*.



T O

LYCIDAS in the Country.

DEAR absent *Friend*, with Wisdom blest'd,
Of all that's Good and Great possess'd,

What gay Contrivance shall I find

To cheer thy Spleen-distemper'd Mind,

To chase the pensive Hours away,

And bid thy Solitude be gay ?

You bid me write — : for *Verse* you cry :

Can raise the Soul to soar on high,

Can

Can ev'ry rapt'rous Joy impart,
And pleasingly improve the Heart.

All this, Dear *Friend*, I freely grant,
But Ease and Solitude I want,
I want those calm Delights that raise
The raptur'd Soul to lofty Lays.

From me can tuneful Numbers flow,
Whose harra's'd Thoughts no respite know?
From me, whom anxious Cares perplex,
And never-ending Labours vex,

Con-

Confin'd to Town, tormenting Pain !

Where Hurry, Noise, and Nonsense reign ?

Now call'd, perhaps, away in haste,
To tend a Matrimonial Feast,
And Join some venal-hearted *Pair*,
Who make not Love, but Wealth their Care,
Slight the pure Union's nobler Ends,
And Marry——, just to please their Friends.

From thence, with hasty Steps I go,
To Scenes of Poverty and Woe,

And

And taught, by what I there survey,
I moralize the Hours away.

Can these excite that heav'nly Fire,
Which must the *Poet's* Song inspire ?

No— ! the gay Sons of *Phæbus* love
The silent, thick-embow'ring Grove,
To lye beside the limpid Spring,
And hear the wood-born Warblers sing,
To wander o'er sequestred Scenes,
Or tread the flow'r-enammel'd Plains,

Or

Or near a Cowslip'd Bank reclin'd
To catch the Fragrance from the Wind,
Of Noise, and Crowds, and Cares afraid,
High rapt in Solitude and Shade.



R

Ad



Ad CÆDITIANUM.

De Imagine M. Antonii Primi;
V. *Martialis*, Epig.

HÆC mihi quæ colitur violis pictura, ro-
fisque,

Quos referat vultus, *Ceditiane*, rogas?

Talis erat *Marcus* mediis *Antonius* armis

Primus : in hoc *Juvenem* se videt ore senex.

Ars utinam mores animumque Effingere posset !

Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

The



T H E
S A M E Imitated,

On the Picture of *William Caulfield*,
late Lord Viscount *Charlemont*.

W H O S E Picture's this, you ask, replete,
With all that's Gen'rous, Good
and Great,

Where *Art* hath crowded ev'ry grace

Which constitutes a noble Face?

Such *Caulfield* was, such Charms he wore

When Youth his Cheeks vermillion'd o'er,

Tho'

Tho' Time, that ev'ry Form impairs,
 Had crown'd his Head with Silver Hairs,
 In this, we see his Bloom survive,
 And ev'ry Charm preserv'd alive.

Cou'd *Art* some nice Contrivance find
 To paint the Beauties of his Mind,
 Those Godlike Virtues which we trace
 Thro' all his heav'nly-temper'd Race,
 A Lov'lier Piece, the World wou'd own,
 Cou'd ne'er to mortal Eyes be shown.

A



A

PASTORAL ELEGY,
On the Death of a Lady's CANA-
RY-BIRD.

Passer mortuus est meæ Puellæ,

Passer delicia mea Puella,

Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat. Catull.

NOW the grey Dawn had scarce o'ercome
the Night,

And o'er the *Welkin* cast a doubtful Light,

The paler Stars proclaim'd the Morn's advance,

And faintly glimmer'd thro' the smooth Expanse;

When

When *Thenot*, simple Swain ! with Grief oppress'd,
 For *Vireo* dead, neglects his balmy Rest,
 Flies to the Beach, unmindful of his Flock,
 There lies complaining on the chilling Rock,
 His Tears the swellings of the Waves encrease,
 While Grief, with pale Concern, imprints his Face.

Be hush'd my Sighs—, ye Tears more softly
 flow,

Be still ye Waves—, ye Winds forget to blow ;
 Let *Echo* slumber in the dreary Vale,
 And *Nature*, silent, hear the sad'ning Tale—:

Ah—!

Ah—! no ! my Sighs, my fiercest Griefs arise—;

Let ceaseless Sorrows overflow my Eyes,

Ye Winds, the Air with hollow Murmurs fill,

Let *Echo* spread my Woes from Hill to Hill,

With greater Ease our Load of Grief we bear,

When other Partners in our Sorrow share.

Oft, to my Eyes his airy Form appears,

And oft his Voice soft warbles in my Ears;

His quiv'ring Pinions, and his swelling Throat

Now swim before my Sight—: Hark ! that's his

Note!

'Tis

'Twas fancy all—, and now that Fancy dies,
Nor Joy, nor *Vireo* glads my tearful Eyes.

His Plumes the Beauties of the King-cup show,
Mix'd with the Whiteness of descending Snow,
His glossy Wings delightfully unfold,
Like Ev'ning Clouds bestreak'd with liquid Gold;
Smooth on his Breast the downy Feathers lay,
No Down so smooth, no Fleece so soft as they :
But what avails that Eye-enchancing Store,
His Plumes, his Voice, his Beauties are no more.

More

More sweet, more various were his pleasing

Strains,

Than rising Flow'rs that deck untrodden Plains :

More cheering he than Breath of infant Spring,

He'd sing so sweet—, how sweetly wou'd he sing !

But now, ah see ! the fav'rite *Warbler* dead !

See ! down his Breast now drops the speckled

Head ;

All stiff he lies the dampy Earth along,

His little Bosom swells no more with Song,

No more to melting Airs attunes his Voice,

To charm the Vales, or bid the Groves rejoyce,

S

Fled

Fled are the Joys we felt whene'er he sung,
And ev'ry Sweet that dwelt upon his Tongue.

Ye blithsome *Elves*, (if *Elves* regard our Pain,)
Who tread the Circles of the grassy Plain,
Who print the *Slatt'ren's* Arm with Pinches blue,
And Silver drop in cleanly Damsel's Shoe :
Who ride the whirling Winds by Swains unseen,
And Gambol mirthful on the daisy'd Green :
Where was your boasted Care, when *Fires* lay
Devoid of Strength, and panting Life away ?

Oh !

Oh ! had ye sav'd that Life which now is flown,
 No Sighs this Breast, no Tears these Eyes had
 known.

It chanc'd, while *Thenot* plain'd his piteous Case,
 And many a trickling Tear bedew'd his Face,
 Stretch'd out at length within a *Cowslip*, lay
 Fatigu'd with Moon-light Dance, and wanton
 Play,

A *Fairy* small : He turns his list'ning Ears
 To hear the Tale, and pities while he hears :

Himself

Himself unseen, his slender Voice he rais'd,
And thus, with Story meet, the Shepherd cas'd.

In vain your Sighs, your Tears in vain are shed,
Nor Tears, nor Sighs recal the breathless Dead:
Ah! witlefs Lad! thou causeless art a-griev'd,
Had *Vireo* Life deserv'd he still had liv'd:
The fatal Cause by which the Warbler dy'd,
Wrong do'st thou ween, that Doubt must I decide.

One Ev'ning mild as fair *Letitia* sung,
And pour'd melodious Sweetness from her Tongue
Silent,

Silent the wild Creation stood around,
 Intent to hear, and gladden'd with the Sound :
 There *Vireo* came, and while his Ear he turn'd
 To catch her Notes, his Heart with Envy burn'd,
 With jealous Rage his tender Bosom swell'd,
 To hear his Song surpass'd, his Voice excell'd,
 No more he cheerful chirps, no more he sings,
 But droops his languid Head, and hangs his Wings,
 In secret pin'd with unsuspected Woes,
 And breath'd out Life before the Morn arose.

Here

Here ceas'd the *Elve* ; and now the rising Day
 Along the Mountain shot a flanting Ray,
 Now *Marian* stretch'd her Linnen o'er the Line,
 And *Susan* trudg'd to Milk the lowing Kine,
 The Swain, reliev'd, forsook the lonely Rock,
 And hied to feck his long-neglected Flock.



PHOIBO-



PHOIBO-BATHROS:

OR, THE

POET'S-WELL.

Apparent Rari nantes.

Virg.

I Wander'd out the other Day,
And stole from Care, and Town away,
No Cloud o'er all the Sky was seen,
The Fields were cloath'd with lively Green,

The

The Sun shone out exceeding fair,
 And Hay new-mown perfum'd the Air :
 But forc'd to fly the Noon-day Heat,
 I chose a silent shaded Seat,
 From whence, where'er I turn'd my Eyes,
 I saw inspiring Prospects rise,
 Groves, Rivers, Hills with Verdure crown'd,
 And *Nature* smiling all around,
 And still to charm my Thoughts the more,
 I read *Saphira's* Numbers o'er,
 Where Wit and sacred Friendship shine,
 And Virtue blooms in ev'ry Line.

But

But while, thus raptur'd, I attend
 To each Perfection of my Friend,
 I grieve, the World so ill repays
 The noblest *Bards* of modern Days ;
 For Years, perhaps, unbid to rise,
 Neglected, modest *Merit* lies ;
 See ! *Learning*, that angelic Guest,
 By pompous *Ignorance* deprest !
 See, by the wealthy witless *Herd*,
 The *Wife* contemn'd, the *Fool* prefer'd.

T

Reflect-

Reflecting thus, the drowsy God,
Thrice with his Sleep-creating Rod
My Eyelids touch'd, soft Slumbers came,
And thus I dream't—or seem'd to dream.

Some wond'rous *Pow'r*, methought, with Care
Convey'd me swiftly thro' the Air,
And plac'd me near the sacred Spring
At which the tuneful Sisters sing,
Where God *Apello* joins the Quire,
And strikes the Silver-sounding Lyre.

While

While rapt I stood, such Sounds to hear
As charm the Soul into the Ear,
Here cease the Song, *Apollo* crys,
Arise, ye Virgin-Train arise,
This Day, this ever-sacred Day
Shall ev'ry Author's Worth display,
Each *British*, each *Hibernian* Bard
Shall now acquire a just Reward,
I'll show the World what *Poet's* Lays
Shall bloom Immortal, blest with Praise,
And whose dull stupid Works shall lye
Unnotic'd, and obscurely Die.

This

This said, before their wond'ring Eyes
He bids a spacious *Temple* rise,
A Temple, form'd with so much Art,
So beautiful in ev'ry Part,
It seem'd, (tho' rais'd in so much haste,)
The Labour of an Age at least.

Within the Dome, enthron'd in State
The *Antients* sat, sublimely Great :
Homer, the Prince of Bards was there,
And *Maro*, with majestic Air ;

There

There *Flaccus*, who the Soul can sway

With Lays polite, instructive, gay ;

The *Teian* too, whose Songs impart

A thousand Raptures to the Heart,

And ev'ry Bard whose tuneful Tongue,

In sacred Strains divinely sung.

There *Albion's* antient Sons appear'd,

Great Souls ! as Deities rever'd :

Old *Chaucer*, who the Mind regales

With witty, Mirth-creating Tales :

Sweet,

Sweet, laurel'd *Spencer* next was seen,
 Immortal in his *Fairy-Queen*;
Milton, who boundless Worlds explor'd,
 Where never Poet's Fancy soar'd,
 And dare so great a Subject chuse
 As ask'd an *Angel* for a *Muse*;
 Soft *Waller*, who with silver Tongue,
 The Pains of hopeless Passion sung:
Shakespeare, with whom the *Muses* dwell,
 Whom few can copy, none excell;
 With *Cowley*, of o'erflowing Wit;
 And *Dorset* keen in all he writ.

The

The *God* next bids the Earth subside,
 To form a *Well* immensely wide,
 And instant at his Word, the Ground
 Discloses deep a vast Profound,
 To fill the mighty Void, he sees
 The Waters rise, by just Degrees,
 And smiles with conscious Joy, to find
 The *Well* adapted to his Mind.

Now haste, he cries, ye sacred *Nins*,
 Sweet Modulers of Lays divine,

On

On Wings of *Zephyrs* thro' the Sky
To *Albion*, and *Ierne* fly,
Let each collect with nicest Care
The Works of *Bards* that flourish there,
Then into *This* shall all be thrown,
To make their various Merits known.

The *Strains* by our Instruction writ,
With Spirit, Learning, Judgement, Wit,
Which Ages yet unborn shall praise,
And crown with never-fading Bays,

Shall

Shall float along the limpid Wave ;
Those consecrating *Time* shall save,
The rest shall sink, and swiftly go
To dwell in *Ebon* Shades below.

Here shall the *Graces* stand to seize
Each Work that on the Surface plays,
And *Time* shall in his Temple place
The Writings sav'd by ev'ry *Grace*.

He spoke ; away the *Muses* fly
More swift than *Eagles* thro' the Sky,

V

Dis-

Discharg'd their Errand, quick as Thought,
And each a Load of Authors brought,
On Themes sublime, and trifling Matters,
Odes, Epics, Epigrams, and Satires,
Labours of ev'ry size and kind,
Yet left amazing Heaps behind,
Assur'd, convinc'd before they try'd,
Those Works must in the *Well* subside.

And, now the mystic Rites begin,
What Heaps, ye Gods! are tumbled in!

What

What Clouds of Volumes downwards tend !

How few have worth to re-ascend !

First of the Time-surviving Train,
Appears th' inimitable *Dean*,
Whose Works so exquisite are writ,
With such uncommon Strokes of Wit,
Such Purity of Thought, and Stile,
They Float uninjur'd all the while :
And these immortal matchless Lays
The smiling *Graces* fondly seize,

And

And place on *Time's* high-honour'd Throne,
Aloft, distinguish'd, and alone.

Then *Pope*, and wise *Arbutnot* gain
Exalted Honours with the *Dean*;
And soon the *Graces* snatch'd away
The Strains of *Addison*, and *Gay*:
And *Congreve*, *Dryden*, *Parnel*, *Prior*,
Whose Writings boast *Apollo's* Fire;
With thine, O *Pollio*, next they raise
Saphira's, *Garth's*, and * *Harvey's* Lays,

* The Lord *Harvey*, Author of several excellent Poems.

The

The tender *Granville's Syren* Strain,
Too matchless to be sung in vain;
Sweet ¶ *Philips*, who like *Milton* sung,
With || *Thomson*, § *Lycidas*, and *Young*:
And † others whom immortal Fame,
Hath honour'd with a Poet's Name.

They ceas'd; and now, *Apollo* cries,
Be this a Lesson to the Wife,

¶ *John Philips*, Author of *Cyder*.

|| *James Thomson*, Author of the admir'd Poems on the Seasons.

§ Mr. *William Dunkin*, Author of several elegant Poems, both in *English* and *Latin*.

† *Mulgrave*, *Roscommon*, *Fenton*, &c.

To

To those who gloriously excell
In judging clear, and writing well,
That ev'ry Work sublimely writ,
With Learning, Elegance, and Wit,
Shall reign admir'd from Age to Age,
And mock the snarling Critic's Rage,
O'er *Envy's* Offspring soar sublime,
Unhurt by *Calumny* or *Time*,
While all the dull, detracting *Fry*,
Without Expende of *Satire* die.

He spoke: I start with hallow'd Dread,
And all the sacred Vision fled.

A

A
PARAPHRASE
Of Some of the
ODES
O F

ANACREON,

BEING

An ESSAY towards a
Translation of that POET.

*Te sequor, O Graia gentis decus,—propter amorem,
Quod te Imitari aueo.*

Lucret.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

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 +++++

A N A C R E O N
 PARAPHRAS'D.

ODE the FIRST.

FAIN wou'd I, in lofty Verse,
 Heroes' godlike Acts rehearse,

Fain wou'd I a Subject chuse

Worthy of the noblest Muse,

Grecian *Chiefs*, or *Theban* Woes

Which from civil Discord 'rose,

X

But

But the Strings and *Lyre* approve
Nought but Softness, nought but Love.

Once, I chang'd the Strings and *Lyre*,
Which wou'd nought but Love inspire,
Strove to Sing, in loftier Lays,
Many a matchless Hero's Praise,
Toils *Herculean*, far-renown'd,
With immortal Honours crown'd ;
Vain Attempt ! for ev'ry String
Echoes Love to all I sing.

Farewel Heroes, —ne'er shall I
Such exalted Subjects try,

Ever

Ever tender be my Lay,
Ever Soft, and ever Gay,
Since the Strings alone approve
Soothing Sounds, and Sounds of Love.

O D E II.

NATURE, bounteously array'd
Ev'ry Animal she made
With such Arms, as best conduce
To it's Safety, or it's Use.

Nature horny Terrors spread
O'er the *Bull's* majestic Head :

Hoofs

Hoofs she gave the gen'rous *Steed*,
And to *Hares* the Light'ning's Speed :
To the scaly Kind she gave
Finns, to cut the chrystal Wave :
To the *Birds*, exempt from Care,
Wings to sport in Fields of Air ;
But, to nobler *Man* assign'd
An intrepid martial Mind.

What had Nature left, to grace
The diviner Female Race ?
Beauty : whose prevailing Charms
Prove the most resistless Arms :
Beauty, Shield and Sword supplies,
Beauty vanquishes the Wise ;

Beauty,

Beauty, made to be ador'd,
 Safe defies the threat'ning Sword,
 Can devouring Flames assuage,
 And repel their desp'rate Rage;
Beauty, makes the Hero fall,
 Conquers those who Conquer all.

O D E III.

THE Stars, those glitt'ring Worlds of Light,
 That gild the dusky Face of Night,
 And deck the boundless airy Plain,
 Had finish'd half their nightly Reign,
 And Men by weak'ning Toil subdu'd,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, their Strength renew'd,
When

When *Cupid*, God of sweet Deceit,
Impatient thunder'd at my Gate.

“ Who is't so rudely Knocks, and tries
“ To banish Slumber from my Eyes ,
“ To tear the blissful Dreams away
“ With which the Soul delights to Play ?

Then *Love* : Ah ! be not Friend, afraid,
To lend your hospitable Aid,
For I'm a Boy, unfit to bear
The dreary Night's inclement Air ;
The Moon o'ercast, her Light denies
To guide my Steps, and bless my Eyes,

I've

I've wander'd, chill'd with Cold and Rain,
 And sought some Place of rest, in vain.

I pitied, while I heard his Woës,
 And quick to his Assistance rose,
 I soon reviv'd the faded Light
 To ease his Fears, and cheer his Sight;
 And op'ning, saw an *Infant* stand,
 A Bow smooth-polish'd in his Hand,
 Two Wings, to wanton with the Wind,
 Their Silver Plumage spread behind,
 And o'er his snowy Shoulder slung,
 The shaftful *Quiver* idly hung.

To

To swell his Heart with vig'rous Heat
Before th' enliv'ning Fire I sate,
His little Hands with mine I warm,
From which I ne'er suspected Harm,
His Limbs I chaf'd, and prest with Care
The chilling Moisture from his Hair.

New Life the vital Warmth supplies,
And come, " Let's try this Bow, he crys,
" If yet the moisten'd Nerve can throw
" The Dart, or bend the circling Bow.

He strains the flexile Horn, and drew
The Shaft, which too unerring flew,

Like

Like Light'ning it transfix'd my Heart,
And scatter'd Pains thro' ev'ry Part.

Away the *Wanton* lightly Springs,
And, laughing, waves his downy Wings,
And cries, with me rejoice my Friend,
My Fears were vain, my Sorrows end,
My Bow's uninjur'd, but thy Breast
With pale, enfeebling Grief posselt,
Shall swell with Woes unfelt before,
And find it's wonted Peace no more.

Y

O D E

O D E IV.

ON Myrtles laid, with Roses crown'd,
And Flow'rs that breathe delight around,
I'll drink, and all my Soul incline
To Mirth, the Child of gen'rous Wine.

Then *Love* shall, like my Slave, prepare
The genial Bowl that poisons Care;
For, swiftly as the Chariot flies,
To win the hard-contested Prize,
Our Life as swiftly rolls away
With all that's pleasing, all that's gay.

This

This Frame must soon to Ashes turn,
And fill the cold Sepulchral Urn,
And silence chain the tuneful Tongue,
Each Bone dissolv'd, each Nerve unstrung.

Why on our Tombs are Unguents spread,
Superfluous Care ! to grace the Dead ?
And why the vain Libation paid,
To honour an unconscious Shade ?
Rather to me, while yet I live,
The costly fragrant Blessings give :
My Head with roseate Crowns adorn,
Whose Sweets surpass the Breath of Morn,

And

And call the *Fair*, whose Charms impart
Soft Ecstasies that sway the Heart.

O *Love*, e'er I'm compel'd to go
To Crowds of joyless Shades below,
My Soul shall ev'ry Pleasure share,
And court Delight, and banish Care.

O D E V.

WITH Wine, that blissful Joys bestows,
Let's mix the sweetly-breathing *Rose*,
Love's fav'rite Flow'r, and while we spread
It's blushing Beauties 'round the Head,

Let's

Let's drink, and laughing Cares away,
With Wine-begotten Smiles look gay.

Thou fairest, all-surpassing *Rose*,
What Charms thy op'ning Leaves disclose!
O thou, the *Spring's* peculiar Care,
Whose Sweets enrich the vernal Air!
Belov'd, and courted here on Earth,
And pleasing those of heav'nly Birth!
When *Love*, the Child of *Venus*, leads
The *Graces*, ever-blooming Maids
In sportive Dance, thy Blossoms fair
In fragrant Wreaths adorn his Hair.

Then

Then crown me while I strike the Lyre,
 And 'wake the Notes that Mirth inspire;
 O *Bacchus*, near thy sacred Shrine,
 With blooming Virgins half-divine,
 While rosy *Wreaths* my Temples bind,
 I'll Dance, with ever-cheerful mind.

O D E VII.

T WAS *Love's* command, fair *Beauty's* Son,
 That I shou'd nimbly with him run,
 And when, by cautious *Fear* delay'd,
 I slowly, with Regret, obey'd,
 He urg'd me with a purple Wand,
 That grac'd his all-subduing Hand.

Thro'

Thro' rushing Torrents swift we go,
 And Streams that roughly rapid flow,
 Thro' Woods that wave with passing Gales,
 Embow'ring Groves, and low-sunk Vales :
 But whilst the *Infant Pow'r*, and I
 Thro' Vales, and Groves, and Torrents fly,
 A Serpent's Sting, thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Diffus'd a Heart-enslaving Pain,
 Thro' all my Limbs a Faintness spread,
 My Strength decay'd, my Vigour fled,
 The Soul seem'd hast'ning to depart,
 And Life scarce warm'd my languid Heart.

But

But *Love* immediate Comfort brings,
He fans me with his downy Wings,
“ And know, from thy Contempt (he cries,)
“ Of *Cupid's* Laws, thy Woes arise,
“ Now, taught by Pain, his Pow'r adore,
“ And tempt his just Revenge no more.”

O D E VIII.

TWAS when the mirth-exciting Bowl
Had sooth'd my Cares, and rais'd the Soul,
That I on purple Carpets spread
My Limbs at ease, and lean'd my Head,
Till *Sleep*, the soft-wing'd Child of Night,
With Shades enveil'd my swimming Sight.

Then

Then seem'd I, swift, in am'rous Play,
 To run with Virgins, fair as Day;
 While Youths, more delicatly fram'd
 Than that soft God *Lycæus* nam'd,
 Reproach'd my too-adyent'rous Age;
 That dare such Bloom and Youth engage;
 —For Love—was a prepost'rous Crime;
 In one so silver'd o'er by Time.

But while, to perfect all my Bliss,
 I wish'd to snatch a fragrant Kiss,
 From these my Sleep-forfaken Eyes;
 The *Fancy's* fair Creation flies;

Z

The

The sweet Illusions flit away,
And all the pleasing Forms decay.

Abandon'd, wretched, griev'd, alone,
I sigh'd, the lov'ly Phantoms flown,
I wish'd, I strove, but strove in vain,
To dream the Rapture o'er again.

O D E IX.

L Ov'ly, Snow-surpassing *Dove*,
Sacred to the Queen of *Love*,
Downy Wand'rer! whence, and where
Do'st thou wanton thro' the Air?

Ever

How can'st thou thro' all the Sky
 Breathe such Odours as you fly?
 Where did'st thou the Fragrance steal,
 Thus to scent the passing Gale?
 How, from all thy glossy Plumes
 Drop such ever-sweet Perfumes;
 Stay—, and let thy Tongue impart
 Whither hast'ning, whose thou art.

Thro' the wide-expanded Air,
 I *Anacreon's* Message bear,
 Tender Love, and smiling Joy,
 To the sweetly-featur'd* Boy,

* *Bathyllus.*

Who

Who, of Charms divine possess't,
Reigns ador'd in ev'ry Breast.

For an Hymn, the Queen of *Love*
Sold me, tho' her fav'rite *Dove*:
Now *Anacreon* I obey,
Tender Poet! ever gay!
These are now my pleasing Care,
These his soft Epistles are,
Who, still bountiful to me,
Promis'd soon to set me free.

Yet, cou'd I my Freedom gain,
I wou'd still a Slave remain : .

Ser-

Servitude will blissful prove,
If enslav'd to those we love.

Why need I, with anxious Care,
Wish to wander thro' the Air,
Or to haunt sequestred Scenes,
Groves, where lonely Silence reigns ;
O'er the rocky Hills to fly,
Barren Scenes that tire the Eye ;
Or from Field to Field to stray,
All the slow-consuming Day ;
Or on Sprays to sit, and moan,
Pensive, comfortless, alone,

Eating,

Eating, what, thro' all the Fields;
Nature's wild Profusion yields?
Since my kind Possessor grants
Sweet Supply for all my Wants,
Since from his unsparing Hand
Where I, fondly-cooing, stand,
I can now, in wanton play,
Snatch delicious Food away.

From *Anacreon's* nectar'd Bowl
Wine I sip that cheers the Soul,
Wine, that makes his Numbers gay,
Parent of the sprightly Lay:

Raptur'd

Raptur'd then my Wings I spread,
Gently-waving, o'er his Head,
While my fondling Motions tell
What Delights my Bosom swell.

These are Pleasures which employ
All my Moments, wing'd with Joy,
And when these Amusements tire,
On his Soul-enchanting *Lyre*
Resting, Sleep with sweet surprize,
Soft-descending Seals my Eyes.

Hence, inquiring *Stranger*, go,
You have all you wish'd to know,

I shall

I shall prattle while I stay
 More incessant than a Jay.

O D E XXXIV.

NAY—fly me not, alluring *Fair*,
 Not scorn these Locks of Silver Hair,
 Tho' Youth now lends thee ev'ry Grace,
 And Beauty blooming paints thy Face,
 Tho' Nature o'er thy Checks hath spread
 The smiling Morning's purest Red,
 Tho' all that's lov'ly dwells in thee,
 Yet fly not thus from Love, and Me:

How

How do those Wreaths delight the Eye,
Compos'd of Blooms of various Dye;
See Nymph how fair the Lilly shows,
Entwin'd around the blushing *Rose*!



A a

A N
O D E,

Perform'd at the
CASTLE of DUBLIN,

October 30, being the
BIRTH-DAY

Of His Sacred Majesty
King GEORGE II.

*Conamur, tenues, Grandia,
Laudes Egregii Caesaris-----*

*Hic dies vere mihi Festus, atras
Eximet Curas, Ego, nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Caesare terras-----*

Hor.

DUBLIN:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

A N

O D E, &c.

RECITATIVE.

GREAT, inexhausted Source of Day,
Bright Parent of the genial Ray,
Unfold thy purest Beams of Light,
And bring with thee, enliv'ning Pow'r!
Each silver-wing'd, each blissful *Hour*,
Joy-creating, rob'd in White.

A I R.

Like thee *AUGUSTUS* reigns below,
From him diffusive Blessings flow,
And cloath'd with Grandeur, Glory, Love,
He emulates thy Reign above.

Da Capo.

A I R.

A I R.

Wake the Soul-enchanting *Lute* ,
The warbling *Lyre*, the breathing *Flute*,
And touch the *Viol* into Sound :
With Joy let ev'ry Voice proclaim
A GEORGE, the Fav'rite Son of *Fame*,
With all exalted Virtues crown'd.

A I R.

Sacred Wisdom, heav'nly Guest !
And Justice, Attribute divine !
Fix their Empire in his Breast,
And bid the finish'd *Hero* shine :
Who gives a Lustre to the Throne,
And makes his People's Joy, his own.

Da Capo.
R E-

(183)

RECITATIVE.

This Day be sacred o'er the Earth,
The Day that gave *AUGUSTUS* Birth ;
For, he abundant Wealth supplies,
And bids neglected MERIT rise.

A I R.

That *Learning, Virtue, Wisdom* gain
Distinguish'd Honours in his Reign,
Let CART'RET's Worth high-rai'd pro-
claim,
If *Wisdom* yet may higher soar,
If *Merit* be rewarded more,
Yet greater Glories shall exalt his Name.

Da Capo.

A I R.

A I R.

Pleasy, drest in Smiles appears,

And *Learning*, beauteous Child of *Peace*,

Her heav'nly Form, delighted, rears,

And *Pleasure* sports in ev'ry Face :

Those Blessings, which unceasing flow

From his indulgent bounteous Hand,

Let Proud oppressing Tyrants know.

To bless, is nobler than command.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What *Muse* can in a glorious Light,

His early Excellence display ?

When,

When, cloath'd with Terrors, thro' the Fight,
He spread **CONFUSION** and **DISMAY**;

A I R.

See ! fir'd with Ardor to engage,
The **BRITISH AMMON** pours along
With an impetuous Torrent's Rage,
And pierces thro' the thickest Throng!
Slaughter wastes at his Command,
And Thousands sink beneath his Hand ;
The Combat bleeds where-e'er he goes,
And wide the purple Deluge flows,

RECITATIVE.

While thro' the vanquish'd Host,
By his intrepid Valour lost,

Amaze-

(186)

Amazement, Terror, Discord fly,
And *Fear*, with oft-reverted Eye.

A I R.

Goddess *Glory*, haste, prepare

The Golden Wreath for GEORGE's Brow,
GEORGE, more worthy of thy Care,

Than all that Nature form'd 'till now,
Tho' *Brunswick's*, and a *Nassau's* Name,
Have fill'd the loudest Voice of Fame.

De Capo.

A I R.

Ye ever-watchful Guardian Pow'rs,
Propitious round *Augustus* wait,

B b

Bid

(187)

Bid the smiling, circling *Hours*,
Waft new Glories to his State ;
On him let ev'ry Blessing flow,
That *Man* can hope, or *Heav'n* bestow:

De Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Heav'n, to grace his Throne inclined,
Created, with exactest Care,
CAROLINE, surpassing fair,
And stamp'd Perfection on her Mind.

A I R.

Worthy over Hearts to reign,
Beauty's Hand thy Person drest,

The

The *Graces* too, a blooming Train,

In ev'ry Feature smile confess,

Ev'ry Charm, and Gift divine

Lives in gracious **CAROLINE**.

De Capo.

A I R.

O *Fate!* to crown the glorious Scene,

Preserve the blooming Race with Care,

For, there the Parent Virtues reign,

And all our golden Hopes are there :

Let them thro' rising Ages shine,

And bless like *George* and *Caroline*.

De Capo.

C H O.

(189)

C H O R U S.

We ask no more, propitious *Fate!*
Peculiar Blessings for our State,
That Plenty, Wealth, and Peace may smile
And pour *Abundance* o'er our Isle:
But hear, O! Hear *HIBERNIA's* Pray'r;
Preserve and guard the Royal Pair;
In that kind Heav'n will give us more
Of Glory, Grandeur, Wealth, and Fame,
Than e'er adorn'd *Britannia's* Name,
Or ever blest the World before.

F I N I S.